

SOCIETY FOLK AT "MRS. BOB'S"

Brilliant Audience at Opening of Her New Playhouse Were Interested as Ordinary Theatregoers, Says Kate Carew.

BLANCHE RING MAKES A HIT.

Margaret Ayer, Drina De Wolf, Grayce Scott and the Hengler Sisters Made "Tommy Rot" Successful by Their Cleverness.

Very classy, really quite awfully classy, was the opening of Mrs. Osborn's playhouse last night. The beauty curtain was advertised to go up at 8 o'clock, don't you know, but of course only the bouncers—the fellows that nobody knows, don't you know—thought of going to their seats at that unearthly hour, by Jove, and everybody who was anybody, and a lot of people who aren't anybody, but who'll like everybody to think they are somebody, waited outside in the jolly vestibule, pretending not to mind the beastly draught.

Rheumatism and society rubbed shoulders in the vestibule until it was quite certain that the show was going on, and seats might be sought with the due amount of dignity and disturbance. It was here that society shone. Any common person can be early in his seat, but only the triple electro-plating of New York can enable one to stumble in over other people's knees and feet with the necessary amount of unconcern. One gratifying detail of this performance was that the ushers did not receive neat checks in their fingers, but on salver. It was really awfully thoughtful of that clever Mrs. Osborn.

Inside of theatre, scarlet. Awfully rough on women in pink frocks, but white is the only classy thing this season, and white is stunning against scarlet, no mistake, and Mrs. Osborn knows a little about frocks herself, actually has something to do with them in a business way—so she probably knows what she is about.

Little theatre awfully plain inside, too. Decoration is so dreadfully overdone nowadays in theatres and saloons and all that sort of thing that society really must draw the line and go in for plain efforts. Terribly classy of Mrs. Osborn to think of that.

Of course one went because one had to and one thought it was going to be a beastly bore, just like everything else, and the only thing to do was to talk as loud as one could, just as one does at the beastly opera, or in the body's drawing-room when one of those dives is singing at \$1,000 a note; but—

"Tommyrot" Interesting. To drop the vernacular and it's very contagious after hearing it on all sides through a whole evening in a little society playhouse—but, to drop it, society was surprised out of its society manners. "Tommyrot" was just about good enough—and it wasn't so very bad, either—to stifle boredom for a few hours. Not to be bored is the worst of all, but society couldn't help itself. It behaved like a small tenement child at a fresh air farm. It shouted and giggled and clapped at everything, and insisted on having every number repeated again and again.

It was after midnight when I left, and society was then recalling for the sixth time a team of song-and-dance sisters who climbed their heels and carol dear old duets about "Down by the River on Sunday Afternoon—tidly-um, tidly-um, tidly-um-te-d!" If Duse wins as much enthusiasm as the Hengler sisters won from society last night, she will be doing nobly.

Only in one respect did society remember its manners. There was a young baritone singer in "Tommyrot" who had a tendency to mouth his vowels. Society laughed at him openly, derisively, whenever he sang. And the more serious the song and its singer, the harder society laughed and the louder grew its contemptuous comments, until one might have imagined one's self in the interior of a hive diving a drone-sauntering bee. The victim was an excellent artist in many ways, and warm encouragement from the non-society minority helped him to preserve his self-control. The scene would have been painful to any one not uplifted by the opportunity for social education that it offered.

"Tommyrot" has plenty of catchy music and a few fairly witty lines. It was worth noticing that society appeared to enjoy the little "hits" at itself.

Blanche Ring's Triumph.

None of the men in the cast contributed much to the gaiety of the occasion. It was the flatter sex that scored. Miss Blanche Ring, after her first song, owned the premises; before her last she owned Fifth avenue. Her best contribution was a tough ballad—"The Belle of Avenue A." She would be singing it still if society could have had its way.

Miss Margaret Hubbard Ayer, fresh from her artistic triumphs in Paris, sparkled bravely as a gay widow, handicapped by having the Hengler song-and-dancers for twin daughters. Many of the auditors had hoped to hear one of the eighteenth century chansonettes with which Miss Ayer sang herself into popularity in Europe. They were disappointed. Miss Ayer was required to frivol, and although she frivolated charmingly it wouldn't hurt "Tommyrot" a bit to introduce something in the line of her own exotic art. Mrs. Osborn shouldn't waste such a strong hand.

Miss Grayce Scott and Miss Drina De Wolf sang and capered fascinatingly, and the chorus was extra pretty—also the frocks, of course, from Mrs. Osborn's own frockshop.

KATE CAREW.

SOCIETY LIKES "TOMMY ROT" AT MRS. "BOB'S," EVERYBODY PAYS THE CLOSEST ATTENTION.



AT MRS. OSBORN'S SHOW—11.30 P. M.

The crosses mark the positions of the actors. They will appear when the "400" audience gets through cracking witty little jokes.

BRIDE WILL NOT BE RECONCILED.

Detroit Belle Who Left Husband Shortly After Marriage Says She Cannot Love Him.

DETROIT, Oct. 22.—Mrs. Robert M. Larned, one of the belles of this city, who married a prominent lawyer, of Lansing, and separated from him before the honeymoon was hardly begun, announces that a reconciliation between her husband and herself is hardly possible.

Gov. Bliss, who is Mrs. Larned's uncle, and who presented her with a house as a wedding present, is hopeful, however, that his niece will change her mind.

Young Larned, the bridegroom, also looks to an early reconciliation through the medium of his friends. He is much distressed over the disastrous turn in his wedding affairs and declares that he will not consider a legal separation in any aspect.

Mrs. Larned's explanation of the affair is given as follows: "I found I did not love my husband and that I could not. I made up my mind it was better to leave him at once than to drag him through a life of misery for us both."

The sweetheart whom the bride, who was Miss Fannie Ide, was induced to put by when she became Mrs. Larned, is reported as having left the State.

American Missionary Association. NEW LONDON, Conn., Oct. 22.—The convention of the American Missionary Association held its first convention yesterday. Charles A. Hull, of Brooklyn, Chairman of the Executive Committee, read his report, showing an increase in the number of churches. The Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, of New York, delivered an address in which he referred to the coal strike, and said: "If the miner is at the rear end of the procession our Lord is by his side."

Schwab Leaves Venice. VENICE, Italy, Oct. 22.—Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, who had been here for some days, took a special train this morning for Milan.

Methodist Missionary Convention. CLEVELAND, Oct. 22.—Bishop Edward G. Andrews, of New York, called to order yesterday the first general missionary convention for the Methodist Episcopal Church. Two thousand delegates, representing all parts of the world, were present. Dr. James M. Buckley, of New York, spoke on "Methodist Missions of the Nineteenth Century."

CZAR PARDONS STUDENTS. MOSCOW, Oct. 22.—The Czar has pardoned all students guilty of participation in revolutionary street disturbances here.

Jealousy the Cause of Affray in a Boarding-House. Actuated by jealousy, Herbert Brown, an actor, of No. 38 West Forty-third street, fired a revolver last night at Robert Cummings, another actor, who boarded at the same place. Brown, who had been on the road until yesterday, returned and, according to the police, locked Cummings out. Cummings broke in the door and was in his room when Brown came in and, Cummings says, insulted him.

Detective Walsh says Cummings climbed onto the roof and ran down through No. 39 West Forty-third street. The janitor of that place, thinking him a burglar, clinched him. He established his identity and made a complaint of felonious assault against Brown.

Brown was held at the West Forty-seventh Street Station. He wanted to prefer a charge against Cummings, but was told to do so when he was arraigned in the morning.

Stabbed in a Fight. Night School Classmates Quarrelled and One Used a Knife. George Ferguson, a clerk at No. 255 La. Fontaine avenue, will be arraigned to-day on a charge of stabbing William Wilson, of No. 53 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street, in the cheek. His plea will be self-defense.

Wilson and Ferguson attend night school and quarrelled over something trivial. Ferguson says Wilson struck him first and that he used his pen-knife to defend himself. The fight occurred in front of the school building at Fifth avenue and One Hundred and Sixteenth street. Wilson was taken to Harlem Hospital.

Actor Shot at Another. Jealousy the Cause of Affray in a Boarding-House. Actuated by jealousy, Herbert Brown, an actor, of No. 38 West Forty-third street, fired a revolver last night at Robert Cummings, another actor, who boarded at the same place. Brown, who had been on the road until yesterday, returned and, according to the police, locked Cummings out. Cummings broke in the door and was in his room when Brown came in and, Cummings says, insulted him.

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GIRL OF EIGHT STEALS TO EAT.

Little Persis Thacher Has Taken All Money in Sight Since She Was Three and Spent It for Food.

FATHER'S HAIR TURNS GRAY.

Saves Fruits of Peculations Till She Has \$1.25, Then Devours Three Meals and Says She Is Starving at Station-House.

Little Persis Thacher can't help stealing. Since she was three years old she has never lost a chance to take money and now Magistrate Olmsted is puzzled to know where to send her. She is money mad, her parents say, and perhaps behind all is a voracious appetite.

Persis is eight years old now. Her father, H. P. Thacher, a clerk, who lives with his wife and daughter in comfortable circumstances at No. 309 West One Hundred and Forty-first street, has grown gray-haired from worrying over the actions of his child. The mother, a patient little woman, has pleaded and coaxed and punished in vain. Persis will steal.

When Persis is sent to the grocery store she never brings back the change. Her mother's pocketbook is never safe when she is in the house, and the neighbors have learned that they must never leave money in sight when she comes. The money given to her for Sunday-school collection never reaches the basket.

But the child does not crave money to buy dolls and other playthings generally wanted by girls of her age. Persis wants to eat. The money she steals is spent for luncheon, fruit and candy, and the list of things Persis has been known to eat in one day would startle most persons with just ordinary stomachs.

She does not spend her money in dribbles. If she can't steal a dollar or more at once she saves the nickels and dimes until there is a little pile of them, and then she starts for a good time. Recently she had \$1.25.

First she ate a meal in a cafe at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. At Fifty-ninth street she devoured four pieces of pie, some cake and a glass of milk, and later at Twenty-third street bought candy and fruit. This about ended her money, and she told the matron at the West Twentieth street police station she was starving. She was fed and when her father came and took her home she ate a porthouse steak.

It was then that her parents decided to take her to the Children's Court. Her case will be decided on Friday.

ACTOR SHOT AT ANOTHER.

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DIAMONDS,
WATCHES
& GOLD

Jim Dumps was harassed by the thought
Of tons of coal that must be bought
At prices which he felt would make
It costly work to cook or bake.
"You don't cook 'Force,'" they said to him,
He bought; it made him "Sunny Jim."

"FORCE"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

better than a
"don't worry" club.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt.

A Godsend—These Days.

"Force" is a godsend in these days of costly coal and high-priced meat, to say nothing of the quickness with which it can be prepared.

ABSTRACT FORMAN.

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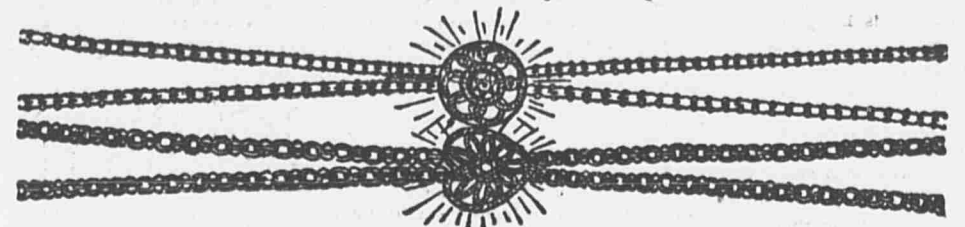
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The second reason—though it is not so important as the first—is to be able to supply it at prices which competitive retailers cannot approach. LAMBERT'S reason for importing diamonds is to be sure of their quality and to supply them at first cost. Neither the LAMBERT JEWELRY nor the LAMBERT DIAMONDS enter into competition with any except the acknowledged highest grades. There is no such thing as cheap jewelry which is good. Money may be saved, but it must be saved by dispensing with the middlemen's profits. It will prove of both interest and profit to investigate the LAMBERT FACTORY and the LAMBERT STORE—enlarged but still under the same roof and with the same adamant foundation—the LAMBERT GUARANTEE.

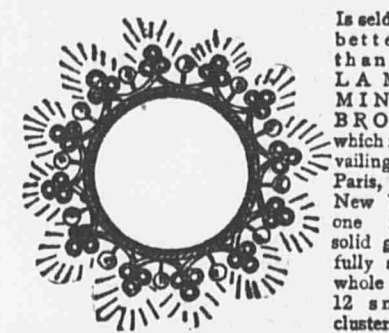
Guard Chains Which Show Their Quality in Each Separate Link.

Have not grown so common but that they are noticeable. A chain is more or less an index to the character—an indication of personal pride or the lack of it. The



two shown are fashioned with slides, a little larger than those sold last year—a tribute paid to a style set in Paris, where the larger ones are greatly in vogue. The LAMBERT artists designed them and the LAMBERT artisans executed the designs—so we know they are 14-karat solid gold. Each chain is 48 inches long, with handsomely finished Etruscan gold slides set with diamonds. The one with the heart-shape slide, in which the diamond is set flush, costs \$24. The other, with a circular slide, set also with a good diamond, costs \$20.

The Joint Product of The Artist and the Jeweler



Is seldom shown to better advantage than in the LAMBERT MINATURE BROOCHES, which remain a prevailing style in Paris, London and New York. This one is 14-karat solid gold, beautifully set with 12 whole pearls and 12 small trefol clusters of diamonds. No illustration can do it justice. The centre is to be filled with the miniature already in the brooch, or at small additional cost a miniature portrait on ivory (in which work our artists are adept) may be substituted. Price \$125.00.

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All Wool.

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Stands 22 inches high.
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